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VOLUME 3. CINCINNATI, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1888. NUMBER 77.

(Entered at the Post-Office, Cincinnati, Ohio, as Second-Class Matter.)

THE BETTER WAY.

ISSUED EVERY SATURDAY.
THE WAY PUBLISHING CO., Proprietors
222 & 224 West Pearl Street, Cincinnati, O.
M. G. YOUNG, President.
I. S. McCLACKEN, Treasurer.
C. C. STOWELL, Secretary.

L. BARNEY, Editor
CINCINNATI, DECEMBER 22, 1888

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Publication Office, 222 West Pearl Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

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THE ROSTRUM.

Reason and Unreason.

Extracts from Lectures by Mrs. E. A. Wells, at Memorial Hall, Cincinnati, Sunday, December 16, 1888, for the Congregation of the Society of Union Spiritualists.

The question as to whether insanity was preventable and curable, and how it should be treated in either event, was the centre on which the discourse pivoted; and in citing cases and instances of an interesting nature made the discourse an instructive one throughout.

That many who talked of insanity were really more insane than a large number of patients who were under treatment for the same, was one of the speaker's introductory remarks, and, while those referred to, could unlikely be convinced of this fact, gave food for reflection to many who probably never thought of the matter in this light before. To put people into straight jackets for every trifling anomaly or peculiarity, exhibited rather a lack of sound mental arrangement in the performers, than a derangement in the poor victims who are subjected to such treatment. Even admitting that there were cases of a serious nature, it always remains unreasonable to resort to harsh measures for the purpose of restoring, or what is intended to restore reason. It is simply never accomplished and only makes matters worse, often leading to detrimental results and real insanity where none previously existed.

Delirium is certainly painful to the beholder, but is after all but a temporary hallucination which is curable under proper conditions and right treatment, as there are no physical defects to contend with, and to leave such cases entirely in the hands of the medical fraternity more frequently ends in death than in the cure of the patient under treatment.

Referring to a young man in his third attack of delirium tremens, who had been hopelessly given up by the family physician because a brother had previously died from the same cause, the speaker gave an interesting account of a cure by electricity. The patient, she said, had been visited one night by the spirit of his departed brother, who told him that he could be saved by the immediate application of an electric battery; that a steady, persistent use of the same would expel the liquor fumes or impure emanations collected in and around his being, and which, when successfully consummated, would also relieve him from the morbid cravings for a continuation of the pernicious habit. The patient related this fact to the physician when he called on the following day, and as usual was credited with having had a dream or a fancy due to an unhealthy imagination and one of the results of his evil. But the battery was applied, nevertheless, conducted to every portion of his body at regular intervals during the day, and

in the course of twelve days was comparatively cured; i. e., of the disease known as delirium tremens, although a constant use of the battery finally freed him from all further desire for liquor of all sorts, and is now a flourishing business man with a natural abhorrence for that which he once loved passionately—electricity having been the curative agent and the purifier from all after effects and further desires. So much for electricity in this case, and if in one why not in all? It is a simple remedy and would prove a boon to humanity if universally known.

This was an operation and exercise of reason in what many would call an unreasonable being and serves as an example of what the speaker hinted at in the outset, while the physician, like a great many do, exhibited a marked phase of unreason in not wishing to accept or administer that which is foreign to their understanding or the materia medica.

Reason is the highest attribute of man and when exercised or applied as it should be, leads to more commendable results, and to a higher plane of human unfoldment. It is the relinquishing or disuse of the same, which makes man priest-ridden, bigoted and unprogressive, and its misapplication which leads to crime. Thus a proper exercise of reason regarding those confined in asylums, would mitigate a great deal of suffering and misery.

As to unkind treatment and cruelty perpetrated against such unfortunates much could be related, and to the shame of many who claim to be human beings. But until Spiritualism becomes sufficiently understood to teach the nature of obsession and other causes of mental ailments in man, we must do all in our power to prevent further incarcerations by judicious observation and a timely resort to our knowledge of such things, and thereby obviate additional misery.

As an instance of unkind treatment, or rather cruelty, the speaker told of a young girl who was confined in a public asylum for some trifling supposed mental derangement, but who only became nearly so after having been there a short while; and in consequence of brutality on part of those in charge. The girl was subdued by fear, shuddering at the approach of everyone who came within sight of her and manifesting the greatest anxiety to leave their presence. Suspicion induced someone to ask her if she was ever whipped, but answering that she dare not tell, a plan was contrived to find out. The investigation proved that she had been frequently castigated, and unhealed wounds on her back bore testimony to the cruel treatment she was being subjected to. An immediate removal of the girl to a private asylum resulted in kind treatment for the future. Love took the place of selfish brutality, and in a comparatively short time she was cured and dismissed. Fear was only the secondary motive in this case to insanity and would have led to hopeless imbecility had not subvention intervened. Physical punishment degrades the mind, whether applied to adults or children, and calls loudly for abatement. Gentleness is the most potent force by which to rule, and where coercion is necessary, reason should accompany it. Man is a sensitive being and is easily led by kindness or consideration, and those who do not resort to it in cases of this kind, are not exercising their reason, or at least not properly, and might, in many instances, be substituted for an ill used patient with good effect and a cure from their malady which is inhumanity.

Infatuation, undue excitement or religious frenzy have also been treated as cases of lunacy, when a judicious exercise of reason could have effected better cures than those who profess to heal minds diseased, or arrested the evil in its infancy.

A case in point might also be here cited as an example of what the world

calls insanity when it is but an undue mental strain in one particular direction caused by misconception or the psychological effect that one mind has over another—a stronger over a weaker—fluctuating by both mortal and spiritual alike. A young maiden of a sensitive disposition, visiting a camp-meeting and impressed or touched by what was there expounded as religion, became filled with the idea that the wrath of God was upon her; that she was very wicked, and needed a great deal of repentance. She became melancholy in consequence and spent much of her time in prayer. The constant tension which the brain was subjected to in thinking of her supposed sinful nature and the prospects of her landing in the lower regions so vividly depicted by orthodoxy in its various forms finally brought her on the verge of madness. But as good fortune would have it, or probably brought about by higher powers, the mother of the girl was induced to take her to a spiritualistic seance. Relief was here obtained which could be had from no other source in the world's present condition. A spirit message, in which some good things were said in the usual simple way of conveying truth from the beyond, and telling the girl it was her duty to be happy, and that it was displeasing to God to see his children unhappy and melancholy, re-animated her to her normal condition and gave her sufficient to think about to leave a good impression. On the following morning she was entirely changed, and so interested that she wanted to go again. Of course her wish was granted and before long she was entirely cured of her strange hallucination and need fear no relapse as long as she remains under the influence of good and kind spirit friends who take interest in the welfare of those who strive for purity, goodness and spiritual advancement. No one will become insane who remains cheerful and lives according to the dictates of moral law, and there is no better promoter for this effect than Modern Spiritualism.

BENEDICTION.
We ask that thy blessing rest upon all mankind, and may we look up to thee for light and love. May we so live as to feel thy divine inspiration influencing us to come up higher and higher. Amen.

"MEDIUMSHIP"
Was the subject chosen for the evening lecture, and which, she said, too little is known; and in ratio to our ignorance of mediumship, we are in the dark about Spiritualism. The inference is that through the study of mediumship, which must embrace a knowledge of human nature as well as the spirit world and its relation to man, we learn what Spiritualism is. Without mediumship, she said, the cause would be but a speculative theory; for on the same it rests, it is founded, and through it we are recipients to the ever welcome truth, that is approaching as a divine revelation to man. As such a sublime actually, therefore it is not condensed in any one book, nor reposes in the speech or knowledge of any single individual.

Mediumship is the channel through which all the higher truths must come to mankind, and every age has had its mediums or inspired personages through whom revelations of a spiritual nature were made. Before Moses was Confucius and before Jesus was Solomon. And as other agents for the transmission of truth or to accomplish some work designed by the spirit world were Apollonius of Tyana, Buddha, Krishna, Joan of Arc, and Abraham Lincoln. To-day they are to be reckoned by the thousands, and every month becomes a new era in mediumship; and never mind how wonderful a phase may be discovered to-day, there will be a higher or better phase manifested to-morrow, and so it will continue to progress as time advances.

Among the most wonderful and startling later phases are those possessed with the gift of drawing or painting. Of

these are many—the majority—that never manifested any desire, taste or ability for this art before being suddenly impelled or controlled to paint landscapes or portraits, and to their surprise bringing forth wonderful productions, much of which stood the test of the severest criticism and were pronounced equal to the works of the old masters. A case was cited where a young man was suddenly induced to visit a certain family, for the purpose, as he told the host, to paint a picture. But to the surprise of the latter he was no artist and never touched a brush. However, procuring the materials he called for, and withdrawing to a darkened chamber, the would-be artist executed a painting representing two children resembling each other as one. To the surprise of the host, they were his twin children who died several years previous, and of which no picture of any kind was in existence. How was this done? It is one of the mysteries of mediumship, and of which we, as yet, know very little. The conjecture is that those who have the gift of being controlled for this effect, are verily in possession of the spirits of the old masters for the time employed in completing such a landscape or portrait. And so in many other marvelous demonstrations manifested through mortals, which in the past ages would have been regarded as if miracles. But now, though more wonderful than in the past, is being derided by some as supernatural as the supernatural did not belong to nature as a whole considered—the material and spiritual or that of a superior condition; and by others as manichism, as if divine revelation is not equally as possible to-day as it was in the ages gone by. But ignorance is the sworn foe to mankind and the persecutor of intelligence, and we must therefore abide the time when the light comes to all in their own households, and where will be unfolded the best and highest forms of mediumship.

Though closing with a benediction, Mrs. Wells employs the unique method of opening her services with a poem, selected and appropriate to the occasion, instead of an invocation, which by the way of a change is not displeasing, as many prefer it to the old method, regarding it as a ceremony comporting with the progress of the age. The usual psychometric readings were given after each lecture, which adds much to the interest of the services, and leaves a gratifying impression on all who were in attendance.

From Our Reporter's Note-Book.

Cincinnati Brevities.
Mrs. M. C. Wilson, M. D., of Siloam, Ill., is in the city.

The Ladies Aid Society meets every Wednesday afternoon at the Spiritualist hall.

The Ohio Valley Missionary Association will hold a public meeting at G. A. R. Hall, 8 p. m. on the first Wednesday in January. All Spiritualists and others who may be interested in its good work are invited to attend.

The Spiritualist Lyceum school meets at G. A. R. Hall on Christmas morning at 9 o'clock. Recitation, song, etc., will constitute part of the festivities, after which the little ones will receive their presents. Those interested in the welfare of this progressive institution are invited to be present.

How a Homely Woman can be Considered Pretty.

The greatest beauty of a Woman's face is its expression. There is one expression which any woman may cultivate with a little practice. And when she has mastered the trick every man who looks at her will think her lovely. This is a great feature of that acquired beauty of mine of which I have spoken, and I know several other women who have also discovered the great secret. It is this: When a man looks at you write in a large hand this sentiment on your face: "What a delightful creature you are, Mr. Man!" Do this and you will never be called homely.—(San Francisco Examiner.)

Mrs. Beecher Hooker Before the Boston Independent Club.
What Beecher's and Mrs. Stowe's Sister Thinks of Spiritualism.

Mrs. Isabella Beecher Hooker, sister of Henry Ward Beecher and of Harriet Beecher Stowe, lectured recently in Berkeley Hall, under the auspices of the First Independent Club.

Mrs. Hooker granted an interview to a Globe reporter after the lecture. She has not aged greatly in the last few years in spite of incessant work and not a little domestic affliction. She preserves the same bright, keen eyes—with that familiar Beecher family look—the same firm clear voice and imposing and deliberate manner that have impressed so many audiences. Her snow-white hair resting in heavy curls upon an unwrinkled brow, and her form, but slightly bowed with years, are indications of that age which Cicero calls the happiest and the best.

Like all the members of the illustrious Beecher family, Mrs. Hooker is a reformer, an enthusiast, an idealist, profoundly interested in the social, moral, religious and political progress of the world, and believing that progress is to be accomplished only by constant agitation. For thirty years she has stood in the front ranks of woman suffragists, with faith undimmed and courage unshaken amid all the trials. That her confidence in the triumph of the cause at no distant day is firmer than ever was abundantly shown by her talk with the reporter. She said:

"There has been a steady advance in the woman suffrage movement for the past few years, and I hope to see the day when we shall have a woman president of the United States. Then the whole English-speaking world will be ruled by women. That is the only way in which our American politics can be purified and made decent for decent men to engage in. A woman president would take the office unhampered by pledges, because the men would vote for her out of pure gallantry and chivalry and not to be rewarded by offices. The only reason why the suffrage has not already been given to women is because the politicians are afraid of them. There is nothing in the Constitution to prevent a woman from voting, it is

ONLY THE MEN
who keep them from it. They know it would be impossible to determine beforehand the result of an election, because they could not buy women voters as they buy men, and trading would not be possible. I think, however, we shall have a woman president of the United States before the ballot is given to women."

"Belva Lockwood didn't poll such an awfully heavy vote," the reporter ventured.

"I don't know anything about Belva Lockwood," Mrs. Hooker replied, "and paid no attention to her campaign. I believe the newspapers treated it as a joke."

"Are there any women now living who are deeply enough versed in economic, financial and social subjects, as well as in politics, to master the difficulties that confront a president?" the reporter asked.

"There is one at least—Susan B. Anthony. She is the equal of any man living as statesman and politician."

"But supposing that Susan B. were out of the field and would not accept a nomination in '92 or '96 or 1900 or later, are there others who would take her place?"

"Plenty of them." Mrs. Hooker went on to say that the leading American statesmen were gradually becoming impregnated with woman suffrage ideas. But Senator Hawley, who had studied law with her husband and was an intimate friend of their family, was still incorrigible. He persisted in spite of appeals to his reason and conscience, in maintaining that women would make a muddle of politics. "The registration of 25,000 women in Boston this fall is one of the signs of the times," continued Mrs. Hooker, "that show the world to be on the eve of a great revolution. I believe that there are spiritual forces at work on the minds of our thinkers and statesmen, forces emanating from the spirit world. What the intention of these higher intelligences is I cannot say, of course; but I am sure that they are preparing great changes for us."

band, Rev. Mr. Stowe, was an excellent medium; but Mrs. Stowe's opinions had changed of late years. She no longer accepted the

PHENOMENA AS GENUINE.
To the reporter's remark that an enormous amount of the so-called spirit communications was rubbish, and of no earthly use to any body, Mrs. Hooker replied:

"That often occurred to me when I have heard so many communications purporting to come from spirit sources that were positively silly. Indeed I do not know that I ever heard anything through a medium that rose above the level of a own thought. But this does not affect the central fact of Spiritualism, namely, that continued personal existence beyond the grave is proved by spirit return. We do not have to take humors on faith now. It has been demonstrated."

"But what do you think is the reason, Mrs. Hooker, why some of the world's great thinkers who have died and do not tell us in a sensible way what they think now of the problems that perplexed them when alive. They must have had time to study up religion and philosophy and political economy and all those disputed subjects. Why doesn't Emerson tell us what he thinks now of life? or John Stuart Mill give us his present views on free trade or the Malthusian doctrine? or Hume and Voltaire tell us if their skepticism is confirmed by their post-mortem experiences? or Bacon tell us who wrote Shakespeare's plays?"

Mrs. Hooker said she had often been perplexed by these questions and had accounted for the absence of valuable communications from the mighty thinkers who have passed away by the supposition that they could find no suitable mediums through whom to communicate their thoughts. Genuine mediumship is as rare as fine poetical or musical talent.

In speaking of Harriet Beecher Stowe's recent illness, Mrs. Hooker said that her recovery had been almost miraculous. Mrs. Stowe had been given up by her physicians, and was not only prepared but was anxious to die. Mrs. Hooker had spent three days with her, singing to her by the hour the old time religious hymns which Mrs. Stowe never wearied hearing. Physically her recovery was so far complete that she was now able to walk about the house; but her mind had been affected by her illness.

"There is a strong bond of sympathy between my sister and me," said Mrs. Hooker, "and I cannot but think that in helping her to cross the dark river I brought her back again."—Boston Globe

Capturing a Schoolma'am.

"Yes," said the young man, as he threw himself at the feet of the pretty school teacher, "I love you and would go to the world's end for you."

"You could not go to the world's end for me, James. The world or the earth as it is called is round like a ball slightly flattened at the poles. One of the first lessons in the elementary geography is devoted to the shape of the globe. You must have studied it when a boy."

"Of course I did, but—"

"And it is no longer a theory. Circumnavigators have established the fact."

"I know, what I mean't was that I would do anything to please you. Ah! Minerva, if you knew the aching void!"

"There is no such thing as a void, James. Nature abhors a vacuum; but admitting there could be such a thing, how could the void you speak of be a void, if there was an ache in it?"

"I meant to say that my life would be lonely without you, that you are in my daily thoughts and night dreams. I would go anywhere to be with you. If you were in Australia, or at the north pole, I would fly to you."

"Fly! It will be another century before men can fly. Even when the laws of gravitation are successfully overcome, there will still remain, says a late scientific authority, the difficulty of maintaining a balance!"

"Well, at all events," exclaimed the youth, "I have got a fair balance in the bank, and I want you to be my wife."

"There!"

"Well, James, since you put it in that light, I—"

Let the curtain fall.—[Boston Courier

Bustard (tragically)—"I am ruined—ruined! I can't pay ten cents on the dollar!"

Friendly—"Don't cut up so, dear fellow. Just think how much better off you are than your creditors."

Maxey—"I've got you, you rascal! What are you doing with your hand in my pocket?"

Tramp—"Xcuse me, boss, we look so much alike I thought it was my own."

Inspirational Lectures.

Psychological Hall, in the Richmond Block, was packed last evening with an intelligent audience, assembled to hear Miss Jennie B. Hagan, of Boston, the Inspirational Lecturer, on the occasion of her third and last appearance in this city. In the audience we observed two orthodox ministers, who were numbered among the most attentive listeners to the undoubtedly marvelous performances of Miss Hagan.

After the usual selections by the North-western Orchestra, the meeting was opened by President A. Gascon, following which Miss Hagan made a most pathetic, yet simple prayer, one which in more orthodox surroundings would be quoted as truly sublime.

Slips of paper were provided and the audience requested to write such questions as they desired to hear discussed, which many did. The questions being laid upon the platform stand, were scanned by Miss Hagan and placed in the order in which she decided to discuss them.

The first question was: "How does it happen that those who do not investigate Spiritualism are wiser in their opinion than those who do? In other words, than the children of light?" The speaker launched out without hesitation and drew some strong comparisons showing the value of research and the effect it has on those who seek to learn. The lesson was that wisdom teaches us our weaknesses. Said she: "Spiritualists who have studied the subject deeply will tell you that while they believe in the power of spirits to return to earth, and the many other phenomenal manifestations, they realize that life in this world is far too short to complete investigation." She referred to the learning of men in anatomy and said that while they could become familiar with the names, forms and uses of each individual bone, muscle, cord, sinew, vein and artery, when they come to the great question of the source of life itself they cannot answer. Said she: "The investigator who is deep and anxious never makes a loud noise, but the little searcher goes through the world shouting."

The next subject was: "Were the anarchists that were hung in Chicago in November, 1887, the outlaws we are led to believe they were by the reports in the public press? did they have a fair and impartial trial? does socialism conflict with true religion, as we understand it at the present time?" These questions furnished a broad field, of which Miss Hagan was not slow to take advantage, and the great question of right and wrong was unusually well analyzed. The rights of American citizens were briefly dwelt upon and the causes by which such rights become forfeited. Capital punishment was condemned and referred to as a relic of barbarism which was passing away. Said she: "It would be a wise thing to place murderers in prison for life; beyond the power of any man to pardon. It was perhaps essential in the Haymarket cases that some mark be made; some examples set, but would it not seem better to have sent the guilty ones to prison for all the time God might see fit to let them live, rather than hurl them into eternity in all the horrible condition of their mind as they must have been at that time?"

"Do the higher grades of animals exist in spirit form in the hereafter? If not, in what stage of evolution did the disembodied spirits of human beings begin to exist?" The law of evolution was taken up in minutes from which she passed into the vegetable life, and then to the animal kingdom, showing the improvement by evolution, "each life growing into a higher life, and no life lost." Said she: "We do not suppose that man sprung from any of the inferior animals, but that he has been brought out and perfected by the law of evolution."

"How is faith to satisfy reason that man's soul is immortal?" This question was answered in a poem, a dialogue between Faith and Reason, in which the metre was excellent and the subject closely followed.

"What becomes of those who suicide?" was handled with much tender feeling and beauty of expression. The argument was that no man in his right mind, could take his own life, and that God would not deny the unfortunate.

The last four questions, as follows, were answered together in a prettily constructed poem: "Are there individual homes in the spirit world?" "What is eternity?" "What of the doctrine that 'whatever is, is right'?" "What evidence have we that the manifestations are from spirits?"

"After concluding her lectures, Miss Hagan said that one or two personal questions had been asked which she felt called upon to answer. One was, 'Are you conscious while you are speaking?' to which she wished to reply that she was. Said she: 'I think very little while I am speaking. I scan the faces of my audience; sometimes think of my home, or some pleasant event passes through my mind. I am asked, 'What school did you graduate from?' to which I reply, none. I have only a common school education, nor do I claim any special gifts of my own. The thoughts come to my mind and the words to my mouth without effort. Some months I give lectures every evening but Mondays, but I never make previous preparation. I desire to add that every subject treated here has been given to me after I came to the platform."

Mr. Gaston stated that it had been suggested that some previous understanding might have been had, regarding the subjects to be given, and requested those who had given questions to raise their hands. A number of hands went up and several stated that none but themselves knew that they proposed to write questions for discussion.

It can be truly said that Miss Hagan is a most remarkable young lady. She speaks clearly, with emphasis, uses choice language and does it all without the slightest hesitation whatever. She claims originality for all her poetry, which flows as smoothly as her prose argument, and indeed it must be a fearless person who dares to challenge her claim. Those who heard her in this city were not only mystified and astonished, but were treated to an instructive and interesting entertainment.—(Meadville Daily Tribune-Republican, December 7, 1898.)

Hell Degenerating.

To the Editor of The Better Way.

Who now shall say with the Rev. John Jasper that the world doesn't move?

Since twenty of Chicago's most eminent doctors of divinity have declared and placed themselves on record through the widely read Chicago Tribune (their creeds to the contrary notwithstanding), that ancient and church-honored institution, a literal lake of fire and brimstone, made and provided for the so-called impenitent.

For eighteen hundred years orthodox Christianity has faithfully taught that there were just two places, and two only, arranged for the human race after death, or in the next life. It was to be either heaven or hell. That is to say, heaven for the orthodox and hell for the unregenerate.

But now those gentlemen, whose business it is to doctor up divinity and teach mortals what shall befall them in the future life, all at once have discovered that the hell of olden time is no more; that the brimstone has been appropriated by the chemists, and the fire has gone out!

Brother Jasper we are afraid you are wrong. Please review your astronomical calculations, and report to those Chicago divines. For, if the material world don't move, it is pretty certain that the intellectual world does.

And now comes at least two of those D. D.'s, and kindly tell us what the nature of that punishment shall be, which is the substitute for the one just abandoned. Instead of eternal punishment by fire and brimstone, it is to be simply banishment from the presence of God.

It will be noticed that the latter is a much milder form of punishment than the other, and it is believed that it would be accepted with thanks by the candidates.

The sources through which this information is revealed to the world, are such as to entitle it to respectful consideration at least.

The Rev. Doctor McPherson of the Presbyterian Church and Doctor Whitrow of the Congregationalist Church are leading lights in their respective denominations; hence their utterances must have weight. And this is what they are reported to have said. Rev. Doctor McPherson, as reported in the Chicago Tribune of November 27, 1887, said:

"In the future world I think that separation from God and his favor and remorse of the sinner constitute hell."

Dr. Whitrow received the action of the A. B. of C. F. M. the Sunday after their meeting in October, 1887, in Springfield, Mass., and this is what he is reported to have said:

"As intelligence increases concerning the self-deceiving nature of sin, there will be less said of material fire in the future, and more said of the certainty that those who continue in wilful transgression will be separated from the heavenly Father forever. And being cast away from his loving care and healing pity and receiving strength, will be all the perdition that every poor soul can fear."

It will be noticed that both of these D. D.'s change the programme from fire and brimstone eternally in a bottomless pit, to simply banishment from God's presence.

David was something of a character in his day; he was both prophet and king, and likewise was called a man after God's own heart. Addressing God on a certain occasion, he used this language:

"Whither shall I go from thy spirit? or whither shall I flee from thy presence? If I ascend up into heaven, thou art there; if I make my bed in hell, behold thou art there. If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost part of the sea; even there thy right hand shall hold me. If I say surely the darkness cover me, ever the darkness hideth not from thee; but the night shineth as the day; the darkness and the light are both alike to thee."

Now, since so many of the doctors of divinity—those who have been specially commissioned to stand on the ramparts of Zion, as watchmen, to diagnose and heal a sick divinity of all its ills and ailments, have abandoned the time-honored system of fire and brimstone; and two of them have kindly told us what the substitute would be. Will they be good enough to inform us relative to the locality; that is, to say where the sinners must go to escape from God's presence, since King David, who is supposed to know, has kindly informed us that God occupies all the known localities? We are anxious to know the precise locality of the sinner's retreat, because it is just possible that we may be among that number.

But, after all, Mr. Editor, we suspect that Brother Jasper has more scripture to sustain his position than Brother Whitrow and McPherson have for theirs.

It is an encouraging sign, however, to behold those theologians—those D. D.'s, men who wield a large influence over the minds, and who, to a great extent, mold the thoughts and the acts of the people among whom they labor, relinquishing their hold upon the dogmas and superstitious notions to which the Christian church have so long persisted.

Truly, the world of mind, as well as matter, does more. No thanks are due to the Bible, nor to the church for any progress made, because it all and always comes from the outside pressure which is brought to bear upon it. Courage, then, brother Spiritualists, our cause—the cause of truth is making rapid progress.

J. C. N. ABBOTT.

Written for The Better Way.

"The Day of Judgment."

LUCIE A. ALLYN.

Extracts from Second Lecture of King Henry VIII, given at Washington, D. C., Nov. 8, 1888.

Still another day of judgment.

I speak to men now; youth starts on the journey with but one idea; either how to surround himself with that companionship and those pleasures which will most gratify his tastes, or, to accumulate, no matter how, the dollars and cents, that are more to him than friends, and with which he believes he can buy all the friends he would desire.

Go back; the father has begun to give twenty five cents and to realize fifty cents therefrom; but the father has a very bad memory regarding his own youth, and when he has a son, the son forgets to ask his father's consent to do this or that, but (as I have heard them speak here), gets around old dad, or the governor!

Were I speaking to Englishmen, I should hold up an English boy; now I speak of "young America!" Well, young America becomes a man, without the first idea of true, manly honor; the father and mother wonder why Tom is so wayward, and gives them so much anxiety!

And the day of judgment comes that "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these little ones, ye have done it unto me." His hair whitens, his eye shrivels, and his perception becomes small; first, upon the aura of consciousness, then upon the individual. Again, the day of judgment will come to any man who will oppress in any form. Woe unto that man who thinks he can never be taught, who is wise in his own conceit. It shows a weak brain. You who live to see two years from this night, will remember my statement. Oh! my friends, great has been the corruption. A cloud of fire and blood hangs over your country tonight! A day of judgment awaits you as a nation!

Knights of Labor I now address you. To be a Knight, means to be a man of honor, Knights of Labor, sorsooth. I once visited a concourse of them; they were talking about, and denouncing the Indian. Well, you have introduced rum and tobacco to them!

Upon that occasion, I heard a senator (a Knight of Labor), make the condemnable and contemptible statement: "It was no more than the Indian deserved, to be exterminated from the face of this earth!"

I took possession of a medium and refuted what he said; and I wish I could find a medium at all times and places, through whose organism I could lift my voice against such crime and selfishness! Well, a day of judgment is in waiting for this country! Men who should have common sense, are making it their business to arouse the poor men to revolt!

Again, the day of judgment is awaiting the churches, and it is written on the foreheads of many "Depart from me, ye workers of iniquity, I never knew you!"

How is it? Ah! the church is afraid of anything that she does not subscribe to. Oh! the bigotry! the enmity! the hypocrisy! The church is fighting everything that opposes it. Science, they say, is wrong because it will not harmonize with God's word! But it is God's word! A fool can tear down, but it takes a wise man to build. Whenever you see a disposition to pull down, pass by on the other side! You know there is a disposition to go forward. These hosts of priesthood are determined to crush out the truths of Spiritualism! That determination is as great as that of the gnat or the mouse, that played with the lion's mouth and walked into it.

And that is what the day of judgment will bring to all such. Because? Why because to tamper with the spiritual truth, is to tamper with the mighty things of God! "For God is a spirit, and must be worshipped in spirit and in truth."

So the church must not worship him at all. You know we never begin to antagonize anything, until we are afraid of it. If I were the church I wouldn't antagonize so much.

Now the day of judgment is written all over their antagonism of truth, in which is their own destruction. I have shown you that the aura separates the evil from the good. What meant He by the fire that purgeth? Ah, have you thought? If you were Spiritualists you would comprehend the fire. The evil of your life is the first unquenchable fire. Wishing to requite the evil without being able to make the effort so to do. This is the worm that dieth not; sorrow, remorse, humiliation.

Friends, you who have not lived well, (I speak from experience); you who have lived an inharmonious life; have broken the laws of your being; you cannot imagine what sorrow, what remorse will be yours. It is like this; you are suddenly placed in the midst of refined and sensitive and pure beings, having on the wedding garment, and you in tatters; made to feel your own inferiority. Such is the experience of all taken thus. The day of judgment, showing your aura to be one of tatters, and you near the awful words: "Depart from me, ye workers of iniquity!"

Friends, that is my experience. I had over three hundred years of it. Every day I am mending my aura; and still every spirit can see the holes. They

are becoming surrounded by brightness of my own making. My day of judgment is yet; I know not how long, eternity is long.

Take a lesson! Let every closing day, let every act, be replete with good! In God's name be careful—be faithful! Let no spirit instruct thee, unless they desire advancement. Be careful; purify your own lives, for ye are your brother's keeper. And ye Spiritualists, you have a high calling—much devolves upon you. Ye are shining lights; purge ye your thoughts, purge ye your lives from pernicious habits! Purge ye your hearts from slander! Be ye pure! for ye know not if at dawn, at night, or at midday, "The Son of Man may come!"

After extending an opportunity for questions, many were asked, and from various guests. Someone gave the following: "Don't you think Spiritualism is advancing more rapidly than ought else?" King Henry replied: "Yes, because it is the truth. There will be naught else by and bye."

Another asked, "Do you expect to be able to produce more irresistible phenomena that will convince?" He answered: "Certainly; do you not know Dr. C—, we see through our own aura, and as mankind is more spiritualized, the discernment will be quicker. As man who goes to a seance, honestly, never comes away unlearned. You give the conditions and we will give you all you want."

Again was asked, "Are not spirits doing as great good in a quiet way, as in startling phenomena?" King Henry responded: "Most certainly. A very lasting good, too. They are building that little flame that will by and bye burst forth and consume all error and prejudice!"

A lady (medium) present, asked King Henry, "Can you tell me why we get so cold when we are having a circle?" To which he laughingly replied: "Yes, certainly; it is because they are trying to materialize through you."

Dr. C— asked, "Have you any societies in your realm, such as in earth life, organizations, societies?" "Oh, yes," said King Henry, "there are societies, spheres. A man is termed a member according to his own position. There are cities, congresses, communions, social relations, teachers, and so on, from the higher spheres."

Again a question, "Where are they?" He responded: "In a sense they are local. You know, whatever there is in the physical, is a shadow of the spiritual."

After a characteristic and courtly good night, King Henry was away, having bestowed a wealth of pleasure and invaluable information, such as no mortal living could possess, save through the benefaction of a friend from the other life, having the unselfish love of humanity as an inspiration and ever doing the will of God.

Truth! How shall We Find It?

The search for truth! From time immemorial, has that been the aim of human life? Whether consciously or not has the cry of humanity for the truth pure and simple, been heard above the petty strifes and warring discords of the daily struggle for existence. It behooves us, therefore, as thinkers of the nineteenth century of boasted civilization and culture, to ascertain if there be not a way by which we can reply to and supply that demand.

First, since all the old methods towards the attainment of that goal seem to have failed, as for instance, dogmatic theology, creeds, rituals and ceremonies, does it not seem feasible that we, each and all should attempt an entirely new course of action, and instead of looking, as is usually the case, for matter outside of ourselves that we should start a fresh plan of investigation by turning our gaze inward and at home; keenly criticising the motives that actuate our conduct and influence our daily life. In our endeavors to grasp ever so little a fragment of truth, we have, as it would appear, commenced by running on the road of knowledge before having walked on its boundaries, and by reading the book of effects before having traced the alphabet of causes, hence have we been plunged in a slough of despond at the apparent endless labyrinth from which we were unable alone to extricate ourselves.

When lo and behold, suddenly some gleam of light, veiled at first by a shadow of deeper gloom, has fallen athwart our path, some friendly hand has been extended to us through the clouds and mists of our own condition, a kindly voice we have heard above the din of the thunders of darkness wherein we were groping. But oftentimes were these messengers not at first recognized by us as kindly or friendly, for they came now in the guise of a severe bodily illness, then perchance in the deprivation of some portion of our worldly goods and anon in the removal of some dearly loved one from our mortal home. Thus had we to acknowledge that all our previous efforts and so-called wisdom were at fault. For ah! indeed, is it when the heart is wrung with grief that it seeks for comfort above and beyond what the cold calculations of worldly judgment can give it; 'tis then that the cry of anguish goes forth for light, and still more light on our path; 'tis then that the crushed and burdened spirit sends forth the unuttered prayer, the unnoticed sigh—unnoticed except by the invisible messengers of the spirit world, and borne by them to the eternal centre, the fount of light and truth, whence they ever return laden with messages of consolation and helps.

Not all the frigid philosophy and discursive theories of the isms of the day can give truth to the human heart. The possession of the same is only to be achieved by individual, personal experience in every day life, by retrospective and introspective, constant study, and in precisely the same ratio as we are able to use truth in all its simplicity and grandeur; so are we in a position to discern it in the world which surrounds us, and can we lend a helping hand to those lower than ourselves on the ladder of progress.

Excelsior.

New York, Nov. 30, '88.

Many favors which God giveth us ravel out for want of hemming, through our own unthankfulness; for though prayer purchaseth blessings, giving praise doth keep quiet possession of them.—(Thos. Fuller.



To "Sunshine."

Oh, Sunshine dearest tell me
What would we mortals do,
In days of gloom and sadness
Had we no light from you—

When nature seems enveloped
In sombre pall and shroud,
And e'er the azure heavens
One dark and sombre cloud.

To you, our hearts are lifted
When grief and cares assail,
You help us bear the burden
When all other sources fail.

To you we look for solace
In times of direst need;
Tis then we know that Sunshine
Our true friend—is indeed.

For sake us not—then Sunshine
But guide us on our way;
Through this life's rugged journey
To blissful realms of day. T. D.

Written for The Better Way.

A Detective Among the Spirits.

I had the pleasure of witnessing two most wonderful seances by Mrs. Carry M. Sawyer. The first at her parlors 785 Sixth avenue and another at a private residence in Eleventh street. At the first one a stranger came from Michigan who had never witnessed materialization and had never visited New York before. Little Maudie, a cabinet child spirit, spoke of the long distance he had come and asked what the small piece of metal he wore under his coat was for. He not giving a satisfactory answer she said, "I'll tell you. Its a detective's badge."

She then told him before he came there he took a revolver from his hip pocket, removed the cartridges and put them in another pocket fearing he might get excited. He confirmed this by showing the pistol and cartridges. Again she described a French gentleman who brought his family up in style and said, "Mr. Detective you have a souvenir from the daughter of this spirit and its in your pocket and I'll tell you what it is, it's a small pen knife." He then took a knife about one inch long and said she was correct.

"You don't wear it on your chain for it might make trouble for you" said Maudie in her arch childish manner. Many of his spirit friends appeared and were fully recognized. As many as 30 spirit forms appeared in the evening.

But the most remarkable seance was on Thanksgiving eve, at the house of a friend. There were no preparations and a small dressing-room was utilized as a cabinet. A dark seance was first given, with the usual guitar playing &c., while Mrs. Sawyer was firmly tied to a chair. The circle was broken to bring in a table, then a gentleman fainting causing some excitement and commotion and so we were doubtful of getting any manifestations. The detective was present and asked the privilege of putting his handcuffs upon the medium, to which she objected, saying if he made this request in her own rooms, she had no objection, but in a private seance where conditions were most unfavorable she considered it unfair. But the cabinet control then said yes he was willing to prove to him the genuineness of these manifestations. Mrs. Sawyer's friends were indignant, but little Maudie said, "Let us satisfy the gentleman; he has a bet of fifty dollars on this."

Forms came out as usual, all recognizing their friends, two or three appearing at a time and freely using their arms. One played on the guitar to a piano accompaniment and singing. Then the spirit of the detective's mother asked him to bring her one of the books he had in his pocket and she wrote, "There will be trouble with the cipher despatch you receive from the chief this week," and other tests given, too numerous to mention. At last the detective was told to bring his chair and sit in the cabinet. Little Maudie said, "Oh, dear, this poor detective is so frightened, he's ready to fly into pieces."

The next instant he rushed out of the cabinet as though pursued. He said what was said or shown to him in there rested with God and himself and he was no longer in doubt. He then offered the medium \$500 to go to his home and he would pay all expenses, adding as he unlocked the handcuffs from the medium's wrists, "I am perfectly satisfied."

MATTIE M. SQUIRE.

New York, Nov. 30, '88.

ALONZO DANFORTH.

The gentleman whose portrait we publish in this week's issue is well known in the ranks of Spiritualism as an ardent worker, especially in connection with the children's lyceum system, having contributed largely for that purpose through the columns of the "Light for Thinkers," of Atlanta, "The True Messenger," of Boston, and THE BETTER WAY. The tendency of his contributions, it is well known, is to inculcate the first principles of Spiritualism into the youthful mind, so as to prepare it for the more sublime philosophy when maturity is attained; and, to this end, he is looking forward with fond hopes of seeing his good work well founded before laying his pen at rest.

Mr. Danforth is now over fifty-one years of age, and has been a Spiritualist for the last thirty-five years; and we trust he will some day see his life's dream realized, and be fully rewarded for his past labors.

"Bever attend: whether thy soul
Soars fancy's flight beyond the pole,
Or darkling glides this earthly hole
In low pursuit—
Know, prudent, cautious self-control
Is wisdom's root."

A Christmas Dinner.

While other curious novelties are hunted up for other stated feasts, the Christmas bill of fare has remained unchanged for many generations; and few would care to have it changed. Christmas would not be Christmas without the turkey, goose, plum pudding and sugar plums.

Santa Claus with his mysteries, I fear, is fading from the imaginations of our more practical children, but the luscious bonbons, the dainty and beautiful tokens of friendship are certainly not less welcome than in former years.

The pudding for our feast should be made at least two weeks before the occasion and put away to ripen and grow rich.

The candies may be made two days before and put in tin boxes and covered from the air.

The cranberry and pudding sauce should also be made at least the day before and the turkey and goose drawn, wiped carefully and hung in a cold place for four or five days ahead. All this being done, the immediate preparation of the dinner is comparatively light.

MENU.

Oysters on Half Shell.

Soup Crecy.

Fried Smelts. Sauce Tartare.

Roast Turkey. Parisienne Potatoes.

Boiled Rice. Cranberry Sauce.

Scallop of Okra and Tomatoes. Cauliflower.

Ginger Sherbet.

Roast Goose. Apple Sauce.

French Artichokes, with Lettuce, Mayonnaise Dressing.

French Biscuit. American Brie.

Plum Pudding, Hard Sauce.

Nuts. Raisins.

Sugar Plums.

Fruit.

Coffee.

Let your Christmas feast be one

which perfect service is secured with

great formality. The dinner will be

provided by the sherbet, offering a pleasing

and refreshing rest, preparing the palate

for the entire enjoyment of the

goose which follows. The composition

of the menu combines the luxuries

of the season without great expen-

diture, and the preparation is entirely

within the capacity of an ordinary

cook. The recipes given will serve

twelve persons.—[Mrs. Rorer, in De-

cember Table Talk.

Contemptible but Regular Menaces.

A druggist of this city was recently fined \$60 for prescribing some simple remedy for a woman who came into his shop and complained of being ill. The charge was that he had practiced medicine without a license, and the County Medical Society caused his prosecution. Of course it is plain that it is the physician's duty to prescribe medicine, and the pharmacist's to prepare it, but prohibit druggists from giving advice to customers who complain of trifling ailments is to subject poor people to a needless and cruel hardship. On the whole, isn't the County Medical Society in rather small business when it engages in a crusade like this?—(New York Tribune.



Written for The Better Way.

CHRISTMAS STORY.

A QUEER LITTLE SANTA CLAUS.

BY L. BUCK.

CHRISTMAS! What a charm in the name! How eagerly the days are counted as they narrow down in number toward this joyous holiday. Just two more days and it would be here. Childish joy and hope alternately taking place in the little breasts in eager anticipation of the coming festivities.

Three little hearts beat high with glee as they enumerated all that Santa Claus was likely to bring them.

And who were they?

Maud, Myrtle and Genevieve, three daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Starn; Maud, twelve years, the oldest, and gifted with a kind heart; Myrtle, ten years, constantly overflowing with mirth, and Genevieve, sweetest little pet of the family, with dimples that might excite the envy of anyone.

Mr. Starn was engaged in a large publishing house; and as kind a papa as you ever have seen; and Mrs. Starn, a good mother who did all she could to make everybody happy.

They lived in a small, neat dwelling of two stories, surrounded by a green plot, but which now was destitute of the flowers that grew there in summer.

The three heads had been whispering and plotting all the afternoon. They were planning a surprise! A regular children's surprise, and a Christmas surprise, too. See how the busy lips move, and a hum in the room that would make you think you were near a beehive.

Myrtle suddenly clasped her hands and jumped around the room in glee.

"What is your plan?" asked Maud.

"I know! I know! we will place all our savings' money in mamma's hands, and she can buy something for us to give to papa!"

"Me, too," I want to do something to papa. I've got money. Me loves papa, me does!" And the little dimple in Genevieve's chin grew deeper as she pressed her lips closely in sweet, childish determination.

"That's good! just splendid! We will give papa a nice present for Christmas! Won't he be glad!" shouted Myrtle; and, jumping up, she caught her little sister Genevieve in her arms and danced around the room wildly.

"But you have not heard of what I thought we could do," said Maud a little reproachfully, for they had not asked her.

"That's so," answered Myrtle. "Come Gen., a short name for the pet, let us hear what Maud has to tell us," and then drawing their chairs closely, got ready to hear from Maud.

"Now, I have thought of putting our money together and to buy something for a little lame friend of ours, whom Santa Claus is likely to forget, and that would never do. How much have you, Myrtle?"

"Seventy-seven cents."

"And you, Gen.?"

"Me's dot fourteen, me has."

"And I have a dollar and nine cents. Seventy-seven and fourteen are ninety-one; and one dollar and nine cents are just two dollars!"

"Ain't that nice?" interrupted Myrtle.

"Me likes it, too," chirped Genevieve.

"Now listen, girls, and I will tell you my plan. Yesterday I was out walking, looking at all the nice things in the show windows, and when I was coming home I met Lillie Field and her mother. Poor little thing; she has to walk on crutches. I felt so sorry; her face looked so white and thin."

"She has been sick all through the summer, too, and is just getting out," interrupted Myrtle.

"Yes; and so I thought it would be so nice if we could get Santa Claus to leave her something for our money. Now what do you say if we play Santa Claus at Lillie's house to-morrow night?" asked Maud.

"Play Santa Claus! Santa Claus!" chimed both sisters.

"Yes; and I will tell you how," said Maud, as she saw her project was favorably received. "We will first ask mamma which of our plans will be the best—to give papa a present, or whether Santa Claus shall visit Lillie Field's house."

Maud had scarcely ceased speaking when Mrs. Starn entered the children's room. She had heard the jumping and clapping of hands, and had come up to see what caused all the merriment.

"Well, girls, I am glad to see you so happy; what caused it all?" she asked of Genevieve.

Genevieve looked slyly at Myrtle, and Myrtle threw a side glance at Maud.

"Oh, if it is a secret I do not want to know it."

"No, mamma, we need your help. Will you help us?" asked Maud.

When they were all seated, Maud told how they had at first thought of buying papa a present; but after awhile they thought of Lillie, and that they had then resolved to get some nice gift for her for Santa Claus to leave.

"Now, mamma, what do you say?" inquired three little voices at once, and six eyes anxiously peered into Mrs. Starn's face.

"My children, I am glad, yes, happy, at your resolve. We always increase our happiness by creating it in others. And nothing so much shows nobility of character as the extension of a benefit to those in need; and kindness always reaps its own reward. Papa will be more than pleased at the gift to Lillie. To papa it will be a sign of your goodness and kindness of heart, and that will be the best gift you could give him. And to Lillie it will be a remembrance of your sympathy. That, I think, will be the best; and make Santa Claus visit her home. 'But, children, I must hurry, for papa will soon be here, and supper must be prepared.' Kissing each one, she hurried away to prepare the evening meal, leaving the girls guessing what would best be suitable as a present."

Evening found them still undecided. Papa had arrived, and he canceled the day's debt to his little girls by giving each one a kiss. He was duly informed of the girl's plan, and most heartily sanctioned them.

"But what shall we get her, papa?" asked Myrtle, when supper was finished, and all were gathered around his chair.

"A doll?"

"A new dress?"

"A new shawl and a pair of gloves," said Maud.

"All right, that will do nicely," all answered with one voice.

"Well, as I want to share in giving, I will add one dollar to the fund," said Mr. Starn.

"And mamma, another."

"That makes four dollars; and I have seen such pretty patterns of shawls that were just delightful," gleefully spoke Maud.

"And such nice blue woolen gloves, bordered in white, that would do nicely; and we will buy them to-morrow, won't we?" chimed in Myrtle.

So the money was obtained and placed in care of mamma, and, bidding each good-night, the family retired.

Little children wake early when they have pleasant duties to perform, and especially when they are to be done on the day before Christmas. Genevieve was up first. Stealthily stealing out of bed, she came down and surprised mamma and papa at breakfast, and soon the rest followed.

Papa left for work, and the morning passed slowly for our young friends who were anxiously awaiting the arrival of the afternoon. But it came at last. Mamma dressed them all nicely, and accompanying them, they went down to purchase Lillie's present.

"Mamma, just see the handsome patterns. Let us go in here," suggested Myrtle, and in they went. They bought a pretty-patterned shawl for \$3.50 and a pair of warm gloves for fifty cents. Seeing all the pretty things, they went home. Papa also arrived at last.

"Who shall be Santa Claus?" asked Maud.

"Genevieve," said Myrtle; "and such a little Santa Claus she will make and a pretty one, too."

So it was decided that little Genevieve was to be Santa Claus.

"But you must not say one word nor laugh, but be very quiet," enjoined Maud.

"We will wrap the shawl and gloves in a bundle, and Genevieve can bring them in."

"And," said Myrtle, "when we get near her door we will put a white sheet over Gen's head, so they won't know her."

So when the proper time came, the three girls, under the direction of the servant girl, walked hurriedly down the street to Lillie's house; and when they were but a few houses from it, a white sheet was put over Genevieve's head, the bundle placed in her arms, the servant girl led her to the door, knocked, and stepped back.

The door was opened, and Mrs. Field was slightly frightened when she saw the little white figure at the door. Genevieve then stepped in and handed a bundle to Lillie; and, before they were aware of it, the little figure slipped out again and was gone.

"That seems strange," said Mrs. Field.

"For Lillie Field, from Santa Claus." So read the little card attached to the bundle.

"What a queer little Santa Claus," said Lillie, as she proceeded to open the bundle.

"Just look, mamma. A pretty, warm shawl and such nice gloves. They are lovely!"

But Mrs. Field was too much overcome. She had dreaded the coming of this Christmas eve. Her funds had been exhausted through the lengthy sickness of Lillie, and she always had been able to provide some things for Lillie for this night; but she had seen the day draw to a close, and as the sun faded from sight, so, gradually, had her hopes set. But she was disturbed suddenly from these reveries by the urgent solicitation of Lillie to come and view the shawl and gloves.

"Come, mamma, see how well it fits," after she had placed the shawl around her as best her crippled limbs would permit without aid. "See, And, mamma," looking up into Mrs. Field's face with an air of innocent, childish inquiry, "don't you think it was the queerest Santa Claus you ever saw? He always was so tall, and had snow-white hair. But, anyhow, he did not grow less kind because he grew smaller since last year."

Happy dreams were dreamt that night at both homes. Mrs. Field knew full well to whom the thanks for the gifts were due, for Mrs. Starn's aid had often been visible during the year when the hand that gave had remained unseen.

Gleanings by the Way.

To the Editor of The Better Way.

I have long desired to send greetings to THE BETTER WAY and its many readers, but have been prevented by conditions beyond my control. I feel a deep interest in the Spiritual work and all its true workers. I rejoice that we have a variety of talent to meet the variety of needs, and it seems to me that there never has been a time when we needed to be as closely united as now.

Every speaker and medium ought to feel and understand that there is a grand work to be done and no other can do what he or she can; that each must do his or her own work, and who shall say which is the best or the greatest. With a clear understanding of the need and blessedness of union we shall be able to build so high and well that we shall call many from day to day to come within our beautiful temple of philosophy and knowledge of immortal life possibilities and responsibilities.

It is not worth all our efforts and sacrifices to be able to prove to suffering humanity it lives on and on and to unfold in purity of soul and wisdom to draw nearer to each other to bless and cheer as the days go "passing by." To me life's good consists in what we may learn of nature's laws and principles, and what we can do for each other.

It is a glorious work to give to sorrowing souls the knowledge that death cannot divide souls who love, and that each must work out his own growth. Then our base is facts that demonstrate our claims so that we have nothing to fear in reference to our cause. It will survive all intended blows from within and without. When old mediums turn traitors and pretend to expose our claims, they only prove themselves false to all that is best in man or woman. Any person who would confess to having intentionally deceived in what is so sacred as spiritual manifestations, I at least would not trust anywhere; no true soul with one spark of honor would betray human trust by claiming that angel loved ones gone before were talking to them, when they knew they were making the manifestations. Let such understand sooner or later that they must awaken to the knowledge of how low they have let themselves down.

Our philosophy, our facts, do not rest on one medium, but on the thousands of facts that demonstrate, as no other science has been demonstrated, the science of the soul and its power to hold intelligent communication with friends on both sides of life.

I am looking with deep longings of soul to the outworking through our various camp meetings of a system of education that will give us the higher knowledge of the laws that govern mediumship and that shall do a grand practical work for humanity and that will cause the people of our philosophy to support its papers and all means of spiritual education.

Sickness in my family for fourteen months and more kept me from the field, but I was able to begin my work at Clinton, Mount Pleasant Park Camp Meeting, Iowa, and since then have been steadily at work. The glorious camp meeting at Mount Pleasant Park with its array of ability and its practical teaching will give any worker new courage to work on. I met so many old and worthy workers and was glad to see the camp put such an old and wise worker and philosophic and noble man as J. S. Loveland in its presidential chair. He did a grand work for them last year, and if his health is spared he will do more the present year and the Vice President and all in connection with the interest of the growth and life of the camp will I trust work with him until the camp meets again and I believe they will.

After camp I gave a few lectures in Sterling, Illinois. Stayed at Woodlawn Mineral Springs Home, presided over by Doctor Hannah Pettigrew, assisted by Brother Albertson and wife, noble souls indeed, and let me say to all who are sick in soul or body that at the Woodlawn Mineral Springs Home you will find health and happiness. You could not find more good for the same money anywhere. Try it, and if any of the readers of THE BETTER WAY is a good thorough housekeeper and wants a pleasant home and fair wages, let her write to Doctor Hannah Pettigrew, Box 376, Sterling, Illinois.

For three weeks, there were gathered here, Brother Loveland, Sister M. J. Churchill, H. H. Warner, and Mrs. E. E. Rogers, the Doctor's sister, and one of our sweetest and best poets. I wish she was better known and financially appreciated so that we might have a volume of her poetry before the public. Well, we all felt during those days of social communion that we were very near the spirit world. The loved ones from spirit land talked through each of these mediums, nearly every evening of our stay. The Doctor is one of the best healers and sees the dear spirits daily. I shall never forget those blessed days of spiritual communion and growth never.

My son, H. H. Warner, and myself went to Fulton, Illinois, where we held two meetings together with good success. There we separated to each go to our different fields of work. I went to Mendota, Illinois, and gave two lectures with good results; thence to Bridgman, Michigan, where I gave a course of lectures to large and appreciative audiences. From Bridgman I came to Fayette, Iowa, by the invitation of A. A. Knight and wife, old workers of thirty years. I knew them first in Wisconsin. Mrs. Knight is a good test medium, has done much good and when rested from her many cares, will do a better work still.

I gave eight lectures in Fayette and several parlor meetings. Also gave eight lectures in Randallia doing effective work for our philosophy and facts there. I expect to return to Fayette and Randallia ere long. I came to this city a week ago and hope to do good work by the inspiration of my guides ere I leave. I have held three parlor meetings seeing and describing spirits of friends and giving characteristics and communications which gave great satisfaction. Hold another to-night and on Sunday morning and evening lecture. Monday evening deliver a temperance lecture. Will write when my work here closes and give its results as far as known. My present address is Fayette, Iowa. I will write of the workers in this city in my next. Moses and Mattie Hull were here doing a good work two years since. Since the 20th of October I have delivered nineteen lectures and seven parlor meetings and have done a good deal of other work. I am always happy when I have much work to do. I expect to remain in this State a few more weeks.

SOPHRONIA E. WARNER-BISHOP
Strawberry Point, Iowa, December 1, 1888.

B. W.

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Although spirits are enabled to foretell what is in store for us they do not reveal and for very wise reasons. If they did we would want to act on it immediately, and it would be like forcing open a flower before its natural unfoldment, thus destroying our prospects because the present lays the foundation for the future, and by leaving the present or the foundation in an unfinished state, we reach the future before it is ready for us and thus mar everything. We require neither a solid foundation to rest on nor a workshop to labor in, and in which we must become like homeless waifs without a destiny. The future belongs to the future and by taking care of the present we reach the future in a healthful state and prepared to give us a hearty welcome.

Spiritualism is a revelation of the present, and Spiritualists are those who live in an existent relation with it. The past is like a decayed flower, with neither fragrance or charms for the true philosopher. Philosophy is the logical reasoner of facts current. Spiritualism is a momentous expositor, a modern innovator, with the first flush of morn still radiant on its perspective, and offers sufficient light, beauty, and joy to gratify the most fastidious seeker after truth. Then why dispel the beauteous scene by diving into the gloomy past, or cause vexation of spirit by becoming lost in a labyrinth of speculations belonging to the future? The never-fading present is our field of action, and constitutes a summer-garden in fairest bloom, in it rests Modern Spiritualism, and those who wander through its sunny paths are Modern Spiritualists.

But among other of his shipwrecks, this man of the *Relig Heigho!* has happily lost shame, and this want supplies many of his necessities. No man puts his so-called brain to more use, for his life is a daily problem to himself, and each number of this sheet the result of smooth, if not honest, diplomacy. Of course we do not say that it is dishonest;—smooth is the word. And strategy,—but here words fail us. "Strategy for subsidies," is suggested by a friend at our elbow, but the subsidies are of two kinds, cast and brains. Bundy is exhausted in supplying cheek. His newspaper is sustained upon the price of blood and the ruin of reputation. Can it ever really prosper?

If thou workest at that which is before thee, following right reason seriously, soberly, calmly, without allowing anything else to distract thee, but keeping thy divine part pure, as if thy shouldst be bound to give it back immediately; if thou holdest to this, expecting nothing, fearing nothing, but satisfied with thy present activity according to nature, and with her truth in every word and sound which thou utterest, thou wilt live happy. And there is no man who is able to prevent this.—*Marcus Aurelius.*

Of course we understand that the usual reader will look upon the foregoing appeal as selfish and by no means interested. We grant that it means,

first, Kindly Yours, MRS. DR. C. R. BE
45 Lincoln street, Worcester, Mass

7

SPIRIT MESSAGES.

Through the Mediumship of CYRUS BRADFORD, of Erie, Michigan.

How glad we are when viewing man from our plane of existence, to note that light is dawning, which is giving him a foretaste of the beautiful things in store for him; and will eventually lead him to that haven where all is light. The past has been one of darkness, but it needed a higher unfoldment generally to be recipient to that which is now coming, and as man continues in this direction he will be blessed with the heavenly food so much desired by the advanced and hungering soul. "Behold, the dead are not dead, but are living realities;" and it is they who are bringing joy and consolation to the hearts and understanding of humanity. JOHN HANCOCK.

Through the Slate-writing Mediumship of Mrs. Clesna, of Cincinnati.

"Good morning dear papa; I am with you, and you know that I am very happy for the privilege. We all rejoice to see you so interested in the cause that will bring you wealth beyond all that would be ever obtained in any other way. Tell mamma, sister, brothers and all, if I cannot visit them in the body I can in the spirit. We have more pleasure in spirit than earth can give, for no one there has the same chance to enjoy as we. Earth has so much annoyances and trouble; everything there changes; time leaves her impression on all things as well as man. Dear papa, I am in the school that will not teach me alone, but many others. Tell mamma it is not low and unhappy, but bright ones who know and feel the need that humanity is in; for the light of a living truth and with its human feeling for brother man and sister women that we come to remove darkness and to elevate. It is best to begin progression in earth life; for all will surely enter spirit life upon the light he lives earth life; therefore you see, dear papa, when people do not learn what would do them everlasting good, it is much harder for them to develop in spirit life. That is the annoyance for undeveloped spirits, for man can only grasp a portion of life at a time; even in spirit we cannot comprehend the beginning or the end, but we travel onward and upward, exploring the unexplored field of immortality, which is only traveled by those who have passed the sands of earth life. Good bye, dear papa.

Your loving son, EMI HELLBERG.

Given through the mediumship of Dr. G. A. PEIRCE, Lewiston, Maine.

My home is in Hudson, Wisconsin, where my husband and four children reside. I was born to spirit life four years ago last August. O, dear, it makes me feel so bad to commune, and Father Williams helps me to do so. O, I feel just as I did a few minutes before I died. I see hundreds of spirits all around me now as I did then. My dear husband and children, I pity them and cannot aid them. I am often with them, but they do not know anything about my being alive, and with them now. Sarah is a medium and thinks of me often when I am near her. O, how I love them all. I hug and kiss them, but they do not know it. O, I wish they did know that I am not dead; it would make them so happy. My name is Mary Jane Andrews. Send paper to William Andrews, Hudson Wis., and I think my folks will get it. O, this being a living spirit, after going through the sorrows of dying and all the other troubles, is very great. I am very happy in this state, and though my loved ones on earth is not so happy as I would like, I see matters different from what they do; so do not feel so bad as many would think. Love to all.

Dear mortals of this world: What is it you really are? How of your intelligence to know, reason, think and execute your conclusion? What is your thought? How does it originate? How of the brain about thinking? Is there any power in the brain to think? Is the brain a power? or is it the means unto a design. If the brain is only a combination of elements for a specific purpose, but not a power, what is it that works it and makes it produce results of life and intelligence. The brain dies with the body—is of no account for any use after death, as named, or the change of conditions from life and action to inaction and senselessness. Do you see my object in asking so many questions? Perhaps you do. It is to convince you, through your capacities of thought and reason, that there is a power, an intelligence that abides with your material organization, that has grown with your growth, and will have finished its work with you at the change called death, having departed to other estates and planes of being. How is this statement proved? You ask. First, by the term death, as used, next by the resurrection or appearance, or materialization, which has often occurred in all parts of this planet earth—all the world over. To deny this is nonsense, as much as to deny the motion of the earth, or other facts of nature and the senses. To know this statement to be a real fact, all one has to do is to investigate, and investigate in the right way, according to the proper laws of material and spiritual requirements. The spirit—the real person lives. All life is continuous. It matters not the form, it has material. The form is only the bringing into existence all natural individualizations that have growth, for all of it is full of our infinite intelligence. All persons who will see, hear and understand free of creed and biased

judgment cannot fail to be convinced of the great fact. I make these remarks preliminary to an expression of my views of spirit states or spheres, so I can be more easily understood. As all who knew me when I inhabited a mortal body will know my tests will lead to inquiry and observation among the different elements, conditions and individualities within the sphere of my life. Should I give you my true name certain persons would express opposition, much as they did when a mortal, and used to preach my gospel and lecture in Boston and other places near. Creeds were always my opposers. I loved to be right, according to the highest and deepest convictions of my thought. Others went by some other person's or being's standard. I went by my own. How could I do otherwise, unless I were to be a coward, a slave, a fool. Good, the law of intelligence I could see and realize to be "in all, over all and through all." What more could I be in that direction of a believer in a deity? As a personal being I could not see a God anywhere; but as an impersonal intelligence, law, perfection and truth wherever the mind could reach the thought expatiated, and the sight observe, Infinite Intelligence; Perfection Unlimited; All Wise continued working, forming and creating. Thus was my thought, thus my mind, yet priest in council prayed for my "removal from earth," and by so doing organized an army of enlightened spirits to follow me in my travels and to destroy me. Is such an action murder? That army, under priestly influence, still exists, and its numbers are increasing day by day, to check, by any needed means, the growth of human liberty and free thought—the culture of Spiritualism and all that goes to obstruct the work of progress. Priestly designs upon the welfare of mankind, partly from superstitious proclivities and much for secular motives of pride, popularity and means to live above the masses of the unlettered world, to make them (these masses) through scarecrows (priest made through and through of the past and present ages) to pay liberally of their hard-earned wages and wealth. With these ideas thrown out, like pebbles into a sea of waters, to drift or sink as the currents act, I must close.

Yours, dear reader for the truth, right, liberty and free thought,
THEODORE PARKER.

Specially Reported for The Better Way.

By Mrs. Nellie J. T. Brigham, Delivered before the First Society of Spiritualists, New York, Sunday Morning, December 2, 1888.

A LITERAL, PERSONAL GOD.
Not such a God as your eyes can see,
That God would be too small for thee.
But a God so great it takes the universe
His gracious kindness to rehearse.
A God whose wondrous might and power
Shows in the star and in the flower.
A God who belongs to the realms we inherit,
Who reveals His wonders alone to the spirit.
Not the God whom you thought upon earth's path
Darkened all things with vengeance and wrath.
But a God that knows not age nor birth nor youth,
Revealed through all eternity forever in the truth;
And one whose power forevermore displays
The glory of His wisdom through nights and days.

SPIRITUAL UNFOLDMENT—THE ORANGE.

We look, and from your northern lands
We seem to see a pleasant place,
Where lie upon the pleasant sands
All beauty and all grace;
Where, underneath the sun and skies,
The sweetest flowers are growing,
And over all the southern lands
The softest winds are blowing.
It is a pleasant time, when all the green leaves stir
And send their fragrance forth upon the passing air.
We look upon the trees with buds so white
Like pearls to greet our sight,
These are the orange buds, 'neath the fair green leaves,
These, thicker grown, have sent their fragrance to the passing breeze.
This is the orange tree.
These are pleasant blooms we show to thee,
Over the buds go the pleasant hours;
Over the leaves the perfect flowers.
This is the orange bloom so fair and white
So beautiful in southern lands by day and night,
So perfect, but the tree will not stop there.
The buds are beautiful, the blossoms fair,
But nature pushes forth beyond the bloom,
And by her power of growth breathes sweet perfume.
Beyond there is a fruitage, golden, fair and bright,
Which in the orange groves shall greet our sight.
In ages gone to other lands they told
Of fair Hesperides and apples much of gold;
Of the fair and lovely apples of far Hesperides,
Did they not mean those spheres that hang on orange trees?
Life's unfoldment, the unfoldment of the soul,
That grows well-grounded in your self-control.
Pattern from the orange tree,
It is a type for thee.
Stop not at the bud of fancy, sweet and free,
Unfold the blossom into a meaning grand to thee.
From the blossom grow to fruit of life
To overcome the wrongs, the sin and strife.
Make life like the rounded spheres upon the orange trees,
Make every life the apple of Hesperides.
So ripen, so grow beautiful, as we behold
The ripening of the spirit and of virtue, which is gold.
The golden beauty in the orange tree so free;
This is the type and meaning of the orange tree.

It is not our beliefs that frighten us half so much as our fancies.—[O. W. Holmes.]

Without adversity a man hardly knows whether he is honest or not.—[Fielding.]

Censure is the tax a man payeth to the public for being eminent.—[Swift.]

Of great riches there is no real use, except it be in the distribution; the rest is but conceit.—[Bacon.]

The more originality you have among yourselves, the more you see in other people.—[Pascal.]

Sudden resolutions, like the sudden rise of the mercury in the barometer, indicate nothing but the changeableness of the weather.—[Phelps.]

The only failure a man ought to fear is failure in cleaving to the purpose he sees to be best.—[Geo. Elliot.]

Whatever is—Is Best.

I know as my life grows older,
And mine eyes have clearer sight,
That under each rank wrong so wretched
There lies the root of right.
That each sorrow has its purpose,
By the sorrowing self suggested;
But as sure as the sun brings morning,
Whatever is—is best.

I know that each selfish action,
As sure as night brings shade,
Is somewhere, a motive justified,
That the hour is long delayed.
I know that the soul is aided
Sometimes by the heart's unrest,
And to grow means to suffer,
But whatever is—is best.

I know there is no error
In the great eternal plan,
And all things work together
For the final good of man.
And I know when my soul speeds onward
In its grand eternal quest,
I shall cry as I look back earthward,
"Whatever is—is best."
—ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

Good sense and good nature are never separated though the ignorant world has thought otherwise.—[Dryden.]

I have faith in labor, and see the goodness of God in placing us in a world where labor alone can keep us alive.—[Channing.]

What thou art, that thou art; neither by words canst thou be made greater than what thou art in the sight of God!—[Thos. A. Kemp.]

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MINOR TROUBLES

HE WAS THE MAN WHO TRIED THE NEW DISHES.

"You are Mr. Queequee, the husband of the celebrated lecturer on cookery, are you not?"

"Yes, sir," replied the dejected, hollow-eyed man. "I'm the man she tries her new dishes on."

COULDN'T PROVE IT.

Mrs. Jason—John, was there ever any such person as a fool-killer?

Mr. Jason—What idiotic questions you do ask! How the dickens do I know? I never met him.

Mrs. Jason—Oh, I know that—[Terse Haute Express.

A MISTAKE CORRECTED.

Jawkins—(after gazing admiringly at the Slimy trip etc.)—"H'm! Slimy, my boy, I suppose I ought to say I hope you are very happy; but for my own part, I confess I'd rather take my family on the instalment plan."

"Slimy! Instalment plan! Heavens, man! what is this but the instalment plan? I took the whole lot at once, before I could afford to pay for 'em,"—Judge.

GOING TO A HIGHER LIFE.

Invalid Wife—Oh, John, what did the doctor say about me?

Husband—He recommends an immediate change of climate.

Wife (cheerfully)—Oh, John, and will it be Old Point Comfort?

Husband—No, dear; I have made very satisfactory terms with the landlord, and it will be the top flat.—[Harper's Bazaar.

THE CHICAGO GIRL.

Rather inclined to be pretty,
Rather inclined to be good,
Rather inclined to make up her mind
To marry—that is not just yet.
Foster she'll be to them all, and
Loving, and faithful and true,
Rather inclined round her finger to wind
About—say a dozen or two.

—Chicago Times.

THE SERMON DID NOT MOVE HIM.

H—was an awful sinner; had never been in a church, and one night some friend persuaded him to attend a revival service. The preacher delivered a sermon that was intended to paralyze him. The service was not half over, but the congregation was in tears, when the "awful sinner" got up with a painful look on his face and went out of the church.

"Well, John," said the minister, proudly the next day, "what was the trouble last night? Did my sermon move you?"

"The trouble was," replied John, that I had been taking liver pills, and it was them that moved me."—[Baptist Recorder.

CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER CASES.

A traveler called at a hut in the vicinity of Denver, Colorado, and requested some dinner. The lady, her spouse being absent, refused to supply his necessities for money or the love of humanity.

"Very well," said the hungry traveler as he turned his footsteps from the inhospitable abode, "you will want nothing to eat to-morrow."

"Why so?" inquired the woman.

"Because," answered the weary man, "the Indians are digging a tunnel at Devil's Bluff Lake and they are going to turn all the waters of the lake into the valley, and you and all the rest of the people are to be drowned."

Upon this intelligence the old lady hurried off to the priest to inform him that a flood was to overflow the valley, and to ask what was to be done in the sad emergency.

The priest endeavored to quiet her fears by telling her that God had promised that He should never send another flood upon the earth.

"But," exclaimed the affrighted woman, "it isn't God that's doing it—it's the cursed Indians."

"In that case," said the priest, "you had better get it." And she got.—[Denver Tribune.

HIS LAST REQUEST.

"George Ferguson, you have gone a little too far."

Pale with indignation and outraged pride, the young woman looked him sternly in the face.

"Why, Laura," he stammered in helpless confusion, "I—ah—er—I didn't think you would care."

"Didn't think I would care!" she echoed with freezing mockery. "Did you think, after an acquaintance of ten or twelve months entitled you to a privilege, unasked, that my most intimate friends of many years standing would not have dared to claim? Have you no conception of the meaning of the word presumption?"

What had this young man done?

Intoxicated by her beauty, and fancying he saw in her glorious dark eyes a challenge half coy, half saucy, he had rapturously kissed her.

Dumb with astonishment, George Ferguson now quailed before the lightning-like indignation of the high-spirited girl. He saw he had made a fatal mistake.

"This must end our acquaintance, Mr. Ferguson," she said. "In many respects, it has been a pleasant one. I had come to esteem you highly—to regard you as a young man of high and noble impulses, free from the trivialities and weaknesses, the inordinate self-conceit and assurance that the spirit of the age seems to infuse into the mental constitutions of the young men of modern society. You have thrown yourself down from the high pedestal upon which I had mistakenly placed you. Mr. Ferguson," she continued sadly, "hereafter we meet as strangers."

"Be it so, Laura Kojones," replied he, with recovered self-possession. "I shall not presume to question your right to dismiss me thus summarily, however strongly I might feel inclined to protest against the injustice of your act in so doing. I bow to your mandate. Henceforth we are strangers. But before I take my last farewell of you, as I am now about to do, and go out into the world to struggle with it as only a sorrowing lonely man deprived of his last earthly hope, must struggle to keep bitter despair from gnawing his heart, the presence of one with whom I have passed so many happy hours, whose memory will cling to me through all the cheerless years that may yet drag their weary length over my head, I have one last request to make of you."

"What is it, sir?"

"Please get off my lap."—[Chicago Tribune.

From The Cottage Hearth.

"Uncle Felix"—A Christmas Story.

BY ISABEL HOLMES.

"Uncle Felix" was stretched upon his sofa, before the glowing grate in his room, hearing the wind pauting and fuming and roaring and rattling the blinds, and bowling down the chimney as if he was Santa Claus' special messenger, sent ahead to prepare the way, and meant people should know it.

"Uncle Felix" was known all over the country. The people who had read "Acorn Cups," and who watched impatiently for the monthly visits of the "Blazing Back Log," of which he was the heart and soul, were apt to picture "Uncle Felix" with a round, jolly face, bald head, and wise and witty eyes, twinkling through glasses, whereas the real "Uncle Felix" was a young man of twenty-five, with blue eyes and blonde mustache, who had not begun to dream of wigs and glasses.

Although it was glad Christmas-tide, "Uncle Felix" looked worn and tired, as he lay there; not only weary, but dejected and unhappy. He was heart, soul, body and spirit weary. He had been awfully busy the past month, and it seemed as if the thousand and one cares and business perplexities had drained him of all vitality. He had generated gladness and sweetness for others, and it seemed, for the moment only, remember, that he had impoverished himself. The thought that he was known and beloved by thousands all over the land who had never seen his face, lost its sustaining power. What did it all matter, what was life worth anyway, now that Crissie was gone?

Ah, here was the key-note of his dejection. He had never known how dear Crissie was until she had gone. How he longed for her voice and smile, for her sweet inspiring presence! She had grown up beside him like a sister, yet with no tie of blood. She would never come again. She had gone abroad with a dear friend of the family, and was now lying beneath the Atlantic waves with the other passengers of that ill-fated steamer. Christmas was to have witnessed a reunion. No wonder he was unhappy. He had lived an eternity of sadness since the news came a week ago.

He lay with his eyes upon the fire until his thoughts seemed to penetrate to its glowing heart.

It expanded and broadened, and its brilliancy faded into a rosy glow, in the midst of which he found himself whirling round and round presently, as if drawn to some invisible centre, and reaching out his hands to steady himself. At length his feet touched terra firma, and he was in a new world of chaos and uncertainty. Gradually, the dim, shadowy shapes solidified into a broad panorama of sky and mountain, and lake and valley, with bright homes scattered here and there, and life and activity everywhere. He heard glad voices, and laughter and dancing feet. The air was full of sprites and elves and fairies, while "Merry Christmas!" echoed everywhere.

It seemed as if all lands were represented. It was a sort of Crystal Palace with a roof of sky instead of glass. There were merry makers in bright costumes, "whizzing" down a Canadian toboggan slide, the fine frost glistening in the air, all around, while close beside was a tropical scene, with Spanish ladies in black mantillas passing along the streets, and here were foreign-looking country houses, with thatched roofs and tall hedges, and people in queer Japanese costumes moving around.

"Uncle Felix" was seated in a great arm-chair like a king on his throne, and was dressed as gorgeously as an Eastern Sultan, with a footstool, upon which a great tawny tiger rounded his back for a spring, under his slippers' feet.

And there, right in front of him, was a Christmas tree; such a mammoth tree it was, loaded with presents, with broad, spreading branches, striking into the ground forming arbors, like the banyan. Bright faces of children were glancing in and out, and playing bo-peep, and there were old folks and youths, and lovers, from all climes under the sun, seemingly.

All at once "Uncle Felix" seemed to catch a glimpse of Crissie in the merry crowd. She seemed to vanish and reappear alternately, puzzling "Uncle Felix" and making his heart beat.

"Where am I?" he thought. He tried to pinch himself, to rub his eyes, but he found they were wide open.

A funny, ragged little urchin passed near him, beside a dark-eyed Senorita from South America. She was white and shadowy still, but he knew her, and just then a crowd of boys and girls danced out before him singing and shouting, "Hurrah for Uncle Felix!"

His vision seemed to be increased a thousand-fold. He could look into home interiors that seemed mere specks towards the horizon, and see youths and maidens, with their heads together, solving puzzles and riddles for the "Blazing Back Log," and children counting Christmas letters to "Uncle Felix," with open pages before them, drinking in the sweet, beautiful thoughts that "Uncle Felix" had sown broadcast over the land.

Ah! there was Crissie again, flitting hither and thither among the happy folk under the Christmas tree, more real-seeming and substantial now, in a white dress, with a red rose in her bosom and another in her hair, as he had seen her in earth-life. She kissed her hand to him, and sent him the sweetest, merriest glances, and danced along airily so close to him that her floating white drapery concealed the tawny tiger for a moment. But when he reached out his hands she glided beyond his touch, with her mellow laughter. He tried to rise and follow her, but was held in his arm-chair by some potent invisible magic.

She re-appeared again under the Christmas tree, and seemed to be issuing orders, as if she were the presiding genius of the occasion. Soon he saw half a score of Christmas fairies with spangled wings, which somehow they did not use, scaling slender silver ladders to reach the treasures of the huge Christmas tree.

It seemed as if all lands had contributed Christmas presents to "Uncle Felix." There were great baskets of green and purple grapes, and all growing luscious fruitage of the tropics. As "Uncle Felix" bent to "sample" them, he was half smothered in a shower of fragrant bouquets, from the tree with which the fairies were pelting him.

There were dainty baskets and pretentious pyramids made of pine cones, varnished and ornamented with bright ribbon bows and pretty birch-bark tridles, such as napkin rings and mantel-piece ornaments, fragrant with sweet associations, for all the readers of the "Blazing Back Log" knew how "Uncle Felix" loved the woods. And O! there was a lovely painting, so soft and dreamy and reposeful, with a misty White Mountain range in the distance, and the slumberous August atmosphere brooding over it; "Uncle Felix" caught his breath with delight. The next moment he laughed aloud over the central figures; a tourist in broad brimmed hat, reclining on his elbow under the trees on the wooded slope; a waterfall on one hand and a red squirrel perched upon his shoulder, with wise little head on one side, watching his swift pencil traveling over the pages of manuscript.

There were ice crystal inkstands from the North, and a wicker arm-chair made from a tree in the land of Evangeline, where "Uncle Felix" was known and loved.

Then such a crop of slippers! They flew around his head like missiles for full fifteen minutes, and then the tree was despoiled, and Crissie came dancing so close to him that he caught the breath of the red roses she wore, yet failed again to imprison her in his arms.

Then the children crowded about him, and little berry brown maidens climbed upon his knees and others perched upon his shoulders, and hung upon the back of the great arm-chair, and a dozen boys found seats on the tawny tiger, with room still for "Uncle Felix's" slippers' feet, and there was such a twining of arms about his neck, such laughter and babble of tongues, and such an atmosphere of love about him that it seemed Astral land would be paradise if only Crissie wasn't so tantalizing.

At length they joined hands in a circle around him, and moved round in school-day fashion, singing:—

"Let us gather up the sunbeams,
In this merry Christmas tide,
Let us scatter seeds of kindness,
O'er the country far and wide."

Somehow, Crissie seemed to be imprisoned within the magic circle without the power to break it. She darted hither and thither, when "Uncle Felix" reached out his arms while the sweet voices sang:—

"Then scatter seeds of kindness,
Then scatter seeds of kindness,
For our reaping by and by."

Ah! the magic circle was narrowing, closing up around them! He would have her soon, the wayward tantalizing elf! He touched her warm hand with the tips of his fingers, her breath was upon his cheek when—the scene faded, and the sound of his name called him back to earth. He opened his eyes in the gray dawn to see his mother beside him.

"Was it all a dream?" he cried, springing up.

A bright face was at the door. A form in dark traveling suit was at his side in a moment, a pair of arms were about his neck, and "Uncle Felix" finished his Astral experience, in the soul satisfying fashion of earth life.

"Just came on the train with dear Mrs. Felton," Crissie explained. "A few passengers floating around with life preservers were picked up."

Later, such a load of Christmas presents, and such a heap of Christmas letters as came to "Uncle Felix."

"I believe you are the best loved man in America," Crissie told him.

"And I believe you are the best loved woman."

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LIFE.

Discourse Delivered before the First Society of Spiritualists of New York City, by Mrs. Nellie J. T. Brigham, Sunday Morning, December 9, 1888.

Occasionally when the subjects are given and we read them and arrange them there seems to be present in them all the same line of thought, the same throb of feeling, as we might say. This is particularly true this morning—so many subjects belonging to life and to its experiences and its outgrowths. We are always glad when we see this unanimity of thought, for it shows that in some unconscious way the different minds in the audience have been brought into harmonious feelings, and we are sure they will be attentive and receptive to a certain extent. Sometimes we speak upon different subjects that are very varied, and then we always feel that we have to take up these questions just as we find them and lift them up one by one until we have them on a common level; and until we get them so we cannot get the flow of inspiration which they can absorb in the best and highest way. The conditions of inspiration are very delicate—much more than you would suppose. Little movements sometimes disturb it, mental states of thought agitate it and prevent its becoming fine and full as it ought to be. If an audience would understand that the work does not all belong to the singers or speakers, but that they have their responsibilities as well, it would be a good thing. With these few words as preface we will speak to you upon these subjects given.

LIFE.

Who can define life? Who can dissect it, analyze it and present to you its combinations of forms. We can tell you that life is everywhere; that it is eternal, but that it is constantly changing. Water to be pure must not be stagnant; it must move. The thought of man, to be in its highest state must move, and in its movement find its purification. Life is perpetually changing, eternally moving. Everywhere are forms that appear and forms that crumble, but the type and model remain. Leaves come and fall again, but when the spring-time comes the arching elms are glad anew, and the leaves are shaped after the pattern used for hundreds of years. The silver birches, the maples and all the trees have their own special pattern of garment, and so it is that the atoms building up the new universe present to us the old pattern, the old form, the old ideal, which is right and perfect after its kind. We may look at a multitude of men and women; in every man and woman we could detect the same old bodies and organs, yet no two in all that multitude are exactly alike. If you have a friend you will have no duplicate of that particular nature, that particular life. Others may approach it, others answer different needs in you, but each person has its own identity. And if in so vast a multitude this law of personality is maintained or is true there must be a meaning in it. There must be some sublime and divine purpose in it and it is shown to us in the eternal nature of the individual. For what is this identity? It is not the gross and crude form here on earth, for it maintains it throughout the change called death, because over it there is eternal progress, eternal unfoldment, eternal individuality. All progression is only the rising out, the refining, the unfolding of this personality that belongs to you, just as it belongs to every other human being. Life! Why, friends, it is universal there is no such thing as death, absolutely. The particles all separate and enter into new combinations and you call it life again. The form and body may vanish at the touch of the flame or the slower process of cremation which comes in natural decay will give back its particles to the dust and they will rise again. For there is a resurrection, according to law and order, and it touches everything that enters the change called death. But there could be no resurrection, there could be no refining if it were not for life, if life did not dwell in these separate particles. There is life in solids, in fluids, in grasses; in animate and in that which we call inanimate, and yet which grows according to its own being, though so slowly that we are not cognizant of it. All life is changing, all life is moving, all life is progressive. You sit here quietly for the hour during which the service continues and it may seem to you that you have been still, but you are all swiftly travelling at this moment. Like those sitting in a moving car or in a boat upon the water, you are moving because the earth itself, the planet on which we live is like a car or boat. And, however, quiet and motionless you may appear to be, you are flying through space with a rapidity that you cannot conceive of. And so it is that this law of life touches everything, polishes everything, and always in the path of progress.

Now, when you think of life and its wonderful power, and of its progressive nature, there are certain questions that you naturally ask. One of these is:

When did I begin and when and where shall I end? If I had a beginning will there be an ending? If man is the apex of animated nature, what was the purpose?

Friends, you do not begin. You may think that it is a strange remark. We mean that these particles that compose your body are uncreated; you cannot find

the time through the past wherein these particles did not exist in some form. And so we tell you the body, this form, or rather the particles which compose it always existed in the ideal. And when did that begin in the mind. You seek patiently and never find it.

The best answer we have been able to give to the question of origin is this: That precisely as a piece of mechanism or the form of a model is in the mind of the inventor before it is shaped and presented to human vision, so in the mind of the infinite God, every rose and every tree and human identity had its place. Unseen, just as the ideal is unseen in the mind of the inventor, materialized or expressed. And so, far back of the time when you were a little child learning to walk; far back of the time when you were a little child learning to walk; far back of the time when the mother's love unfolded and received you, in the unknown sea of the infinite you were waiting. Not conscious, not with knowledge of your identity. Waiting, waiting as the drops of rain are far up in the silver vapors, to descend when their time shall come. Waiting, just as the vast masses of nebulae in space are waiting until the concentrative forces shall shape them into shining worlds, into beautiful planets that roll through space. The divine idea is in all, perfecting and separating. Creating, some call it, but it seems to us that the word "create" is a word that belongs to human understanding. The word we use is evolve—that which proceeds out of something which exists in some other form, or something that we would call a lower form. Then in shoreless ocean of the oversoul, in the unbounded sea of divine wisdom, force and intelligence, you were before you were a child in your mother's arms, before you arrived at a consciousness of your own existence.

Where and when shall it end? Why, friends, that would be as though we were to take a silken cord and give you one end of it and pass out of the room, unwinding, unwinding; and though you may look through the door you cannot see the other end. If any one should tell you there was no other end you would know better. You would say, "Of course I cannot see the end of the cord, but it exists." Why? Because I hold one end, and if there is one end there are certainly two. If there is a beginning there must be an ending." And so one may say if you hold a beginning, if you commenced to exist, if you were formed and created, why sometime we may not know when or where there will be an ending. That is what the Buddhists believe. That out of the oversoul, out of the Everlasting, out of the Great Presence comes life, that goes like a circle rounding through light and shadow until at last the circle is completed and ends in Nirvana, in the presence of the Great Spirit. We do not believe that we did not always exist. In the universe we find no absolute beginning of life; we find that consciousness is a product of unfoldment. There is one meaning to the life that is around you, that is within you, it never can go back again. Men talk of retrogression. We never found it, progression, but not retrogression. One says, "Have you never seen people grow better and then become worse? In movements that rise and subside do you not see retrogression?" No; and one principle of science to-day is that all motion is wave-like. We see the wave rise and the foam crests it with white, and it falls and dark is the place; but it rises again, and rising or falling the wave is moving onward. And so it is with you; now on the crest of the wave and now in the trough, now in the light and now in the darkness—onward, onward forever. It is the law of your life, it is the progress of nature that belongs to this body. We grow by ripening, refining, learning.

Why, friends, in the great future you will learn faster. Here you are narrow and close. There are so many things that you must think about; so much time must be devoted to slumber, to that time when your mind is not conscious, not active; you have so much worldly care and toil, thinking what you shall eat or drink or whether you shall be called; there are so many of these material things, these gross elements that belong to the shell and husk, that leaves you very little time for the unfoldment of the higher or spiritual nature. Yet these things seem comparatively little worth, even the dust that surrounds the seed is good for it, and these weary cares that seem to crush you and almost to bury you, sometime, somewhere you will find that all these things have been for your good, although it seemed hard to hear them in the time of your environments. But since in the beyond you will have time and room, your thoughts will unfold and reach upward just as the seed does. What glorious things you will learn, unfolding, uplifting, you will advance; and there is no end to it. We think and think until our thought is dizzy, until the functions of our inspiration and speculation are faint and weary, but we have never yet found any sign of the absorption of a human soul. If man exists and encounters these experiences until the circle is rounded and he is swallowed up in perfection, why, friends, do you not ask yourself what would be the good of it all? If God is perfect how can he be improved by this? If you are absorbed and lose your consciousness and are received into the infinite what have you to hope for? But the eternal unfoldment there is always encouragement.

If man is the apex of animate nature, what was the purpose? The progress, the unfoldment of that which is highest of all existing things; and you yourself grow higher and broader and purer and better through eternity.

WHY DOES MAN CLAIM IMMORTALITY? We might answer, because he cannot help it. Because there is something in his nature that belongs to it. Why does he claim it? In the midst of sorrow there is something that rises in rapture on the wings of reformation. Spiritual reformation which is the product of these trials and cares. And it must be that there is something better, it must be that there is something more perfect, for all this crushing is for your elevation. You have your narrowness here on earth, but your intelligence is a protest against the idea that you are absorbed in the brightness of the Eternal. Why, friends, you are intuitive. Break the shell of an egg, if you choose, (it is about the time for the egg to be broken from within, and from without partly, perhaps) and take that life which lay there and which so soon feels the presence of death and fades away as you hold it. Look at that little creature that had never seen the light; there are eyes, though it had never beheld the sun; though it had never spread its wings, there are the begin-

nings of the little wings; the little creature had never stood upon its feet but there are the little feet and claws of the bird wrapped up in the prison. So it is when you look at a human soul in this life. In the prison of its earthly surrounding we find the promises of the angelic in every man or woman. You may not see them because they are so overgrown with selfishness, but if you could look within you will find the perfected powers. So when you find people believing in immortality—the Indian in the forest wilds believing in the happy hunting ground and the fair hills and waving forests, you say to yourself, "It is just as though we had looked at the bird in the shell. We have seen the eyes and the little feet. We have seen the intuitions of a human soul." It claims immortality because it belongs to it; because it feels within itself the power of aspiration. It reasons naturally, and reasoning close to nature it reasons correctly. SLEEP OR DEATH? WHAT IS THE DIFFERENCE?

A very great difference. In sleep the active part of the mind is withdrawn from the surface. In sleep a certain part of the brain becomes quiet; the activity is within in the deep places of life. And dreams are only partly fragmentary memories and recollections of the day, just as you might take a number of photographs; first arrange and classify them and then change them, between the pictures you look at there is no connection. You have your memories like photographs and in your dreams they are intermixed and interwoven in the strangest ways. But sometimes in blessed slumber in your dreams it is just as though some particular window of this mansion of the earthly life were open, and friends, every one of you at some time in your life, in dreams have held communion with the beings from the world beyond, have had little glimpses of the world of spirits, have seen some of the flowers of azure or whiteness that never grow on earth; some are mediumistic and never know of their powers of mediumship, and only in their sleep clasp hands with their dear ones that have died. They talk to you; you look into their faces, you hear their whispered words, you feel that you have been with them, but in the activities of the day they fade away until the impression grows so faint you say that it is only a dream. Only a dream and yet a vision from the world of spirits! Sometimes in your dreams you are actually clairvoyant, not only to see persons but distant places, sometimes on earth and sometimes in the world of spirits. Not often but occasionally. Most dreams of men and women are only these uneasy memories of a mind that is tired and that has been so active through the brain that it cannot quite withdraw itself to life's centres, and so it wanders on with its fragmentary memories.

You say, "Do I dream to live, or do I live to dream?" Who are you? Why that Ego is the living proof to tell you. The fact that you can say that little, great word "I" is enough to assure you. Of course you live or you could not speak that word. Life is full of dreams, and thus you live and do dream in part, but life is not all a dream. It is interwoven with the fine and coarse, with light and shadow, with ideal and real. It would never do to spend all your time in building your castles in the air, but friends, we would build the underpinning and let it reach the highest, noblest air-castles, and then everything will be right.

A celebrated speaker has made the following proposition: TWO THINGS CAN NOT EXIST IN THE UNIVERSE: AN INFINITE GOD AND A MARTYR.

That speaker assumed a great deal. With all respect to the speaker, with all admiration for the peculiar style of arranging words, for words sometimes seem very remarkable, polished and beautiful; there are aphorisms that seem to have a peculiar weight just because of the way in which they are put together; we think, therefore, a person assumes a great deal to say that. We should judge that the celebrated speaker imagined that the person of God was in nature and incapable of showing a correct judgment. Some people do not believe in God because they do not look beyond themselves. You have heard, perhaps, of the old saying, "That a self-made man generally worships his creator." There is a great deal in that, and when you consider this saying it is as though one should declare there cannot be such a thing in the order of nature as a hard, sour apple along about the middle of August, since nature is harmonious and produces only good. Will not that apple be sweet by and by? Does the martyred one, who dies for principle, or who is put to death for his principles, or who endures agony for a principle, do all the suffering? Now, friends, do you not think there could be an infinite spirit of good, and yet that a human being could have the strength and courage to suffer and endure and grow great by suffering? Do you not know that clouds are as necessary as sunshine, and that God is in and over both? That night is just as necessary as day? And when we talk about martyrs let us tell you, friends, to sometimes remember that those who have persecuted the martyrs have had the very same experience that the martyrs have, only it shows itself differently. Here is a man who believes that he is right and true and is willing to suffer for his principles, and by that very suffering he shows the breadth of his nature, and we find something beautiful in the life of such an individual. Here is the persecutor, and he says that this man is doing harm in the world, and it we can sufficiently persecute him, even take away his life, it is the best thing we can do. It is not because we hate the man; it is because we hate his principles and love humanity. Why, friends, the martyrs would have been the persecutors if they had been differently circumstanced. It is the same spirit manifesting in different ways.

Would you have humanity monotonous, all on a dead level? Do you not know that the world's unevenness constitutes its chief beauty? Take the park, the pleasure ground of this fair city. Do you remember what it was once? It was the most unlovely spot in your immediate surroundings—rough and tangled and overgrown with no beauty in it. Some of us would have said, "If we have a place near our city we want it level and green and velvety, not rocky; with no rough places in it." But the true artist said, "No; we want this land as it is; we would not take away its ridges, its great rocks, its valleys and hills, out use and utilize and beautify all."

And so we look at human life and we think it is about like that. If everywhere there were a dead level there would be no strength of character, no unfolding of this strength that can suffer so steadily, there would not be anything in this world that would be admirable in our sight. It would

be like the old idea of heaven where all were seated around, row after row, in the blaze of the Eternal presence, each one with his harp, perhaps of the same size and pattern, singing for one year, for two years, for hundreds and thousands and hundreds of thousands uncounted years, forever singing the same thing and playing the same harp. Oh! friends, what a weary picture that would be of heaven! Thank God that humanity has progressed away from it. And so we look at human nature with its trials, its vicissitudes, with all its struggles, with all its victories and we believe that by these hills and rocks and irregularities of human nature the character and purity of the individual life is brought out. It seems to us if our human vision can see that how much greater must be the sweep of the divine intelligence; how much greater the understanding of these little cares and trials. We will see that our pain will broaden us as nothing else can, and so ripen us and bring us peace.

SPIRITUALISM: THE BEST BASIS FOR THE RELIGION OF THE TRUE REPUBLIC.

It seems to us the best government in all the world would be a government like your own—a government for the people, by the people. A government, of course, of which ours necessarily expresses a part, a large part in this land of liberty. And yet a land where the most perfect liberty comes in the most perfect obedience to the highest law; where there is no jar, no repression, no friction, but the perfect harmony of the individual and of the state. The best government that we can conceive of is one where the strong protect the weak. Have you ever watched children at play and thought that men and women were only boys and girls, as the poet says, "grown tall"? You sometimes find the brutal nature cropping out and the stronger ones will oppress the weaker, or the little ones are held in fear and made to obey, and you always flash out in your righteous indignation when you see it. But when you see some one, boy or girl, a little stronger than the others, using their strength to help the little ones, when you find them gentle and loving, how beautiful it is. You will admire such lovely childhood. It brings to mind this thought. A certain little boy and girl were playing together, and the little boy injured his little playmate accidentally. "Don't cry," he said, "I didn't mean to do it." "Didn't you mean to do it?" she said. "No," he replied. "Oh! Then it does not hurt at all," she said. And so in society, if you know the impulse is right and the heart is right, there is something that springs up to soften the pain.

If you admire this in childhood, why can not it be put in practice among children of a larger growth? Let the wise help the weak and foolish and get away from this selfishness, this grasping, this spirit that is always striving to take advantage of others. You dream of these things, you talk about them a little, and by and by in the Model Republic, you will see that in business relations, in social relations, in all the relations of life, men will remember the beauty that they admire in childhood and practice it. They will know the religion of Spiritualism means just the harmonious promotion of man. You have looked toward it, you have dreamed of it and yet they sit in the darkness of night, you have heard the tumult of battle and the struggle for the right.

Written for The Better Way.

The Dual Soul.

A Metaphysical Fancie,

BY MRS. M. T. ALLEN.

I'm dreaming to-night of the ages
When man shall be governed by soul,
And learn from historical pages
The forces that soul-truths enroll.

The humanized organizations
Have souls that are two-fold in kind;
The one rules material relations
While the other presides o'er the mind.

The soul of the spirit hath power
That links it to life after death;
While in the medulla doth dwell
The soul of the flesh with its breath.

While the physiological action
Of the soul of the flesh is complete,
In giving all parts satisfaction,
As the heart pulsates all with its beat.

The soul of the spirit hath also
Its physiological laws,
That act and react on the forces,
With effect correlated to cause.

And when in the mind of the scholar
The laws of the spirit are known,
And the laws of the "almighty dollar"
Have gathered the seeds they have sown.

Then will it with truths of all ages
Appear as a standard of time,
That nature on all of her pages
Doth demonstrate wisdom divine.

And man will know 'twill not aid him,
In dealing with problems of life,
To disregard that which forbade him
The paths that with sinning are rife.

Then man, pure and noble, bethink thee,
And rise in thy merit of soul;
And nature will evermore link thee
With truth, fresh and pure from life's goal.

The Hammatt Home.

To the Editor of The Better Way.

While I heartily thank you for notice in regard to my work, I would add a little more definiteness to the published statement. I have a claim (homestead) of 160 acres two miles east of Escalante, with a fine view of the ocean, of mountains and valleys. Have already placed over \$1,000 worth of improvements in buildings and furniture on the same, with five acres of land under cultivation. The home shall be deeded for the use of mediums of the United States—those under discordant influences being preferred. Secondly, for the aged and infirm, and thirdly, for the orphans of mediums. The plan is to put up buildings having from one to sixteen rooms with modern conveniences, and to be known as "The Hammatt Villa Park and Medium's Home." The arrangement of the whole will be on scientific principles to insure protection from impure magnetic influences and their effects. Three thousand dollars is needed to start it, and donations are solicited, which may be sent through the post office or by Wells & Fargo money order to my address. Donations will be acknowledged through the spiritual press, \$13.50 having been received from the last San Bernardino camp meeting by collection. Mediums in good circumstances are therefore requested to give benefit seances for this purpose, or others having property to dispense should not forget Hammatt Home. Hoping that Spiritualists will manifest some interest in this cause, I remain respectfully,

MRS. E. A. HAMMATT,
Escalante, San Diego Co., Cal., Dec. '88.

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